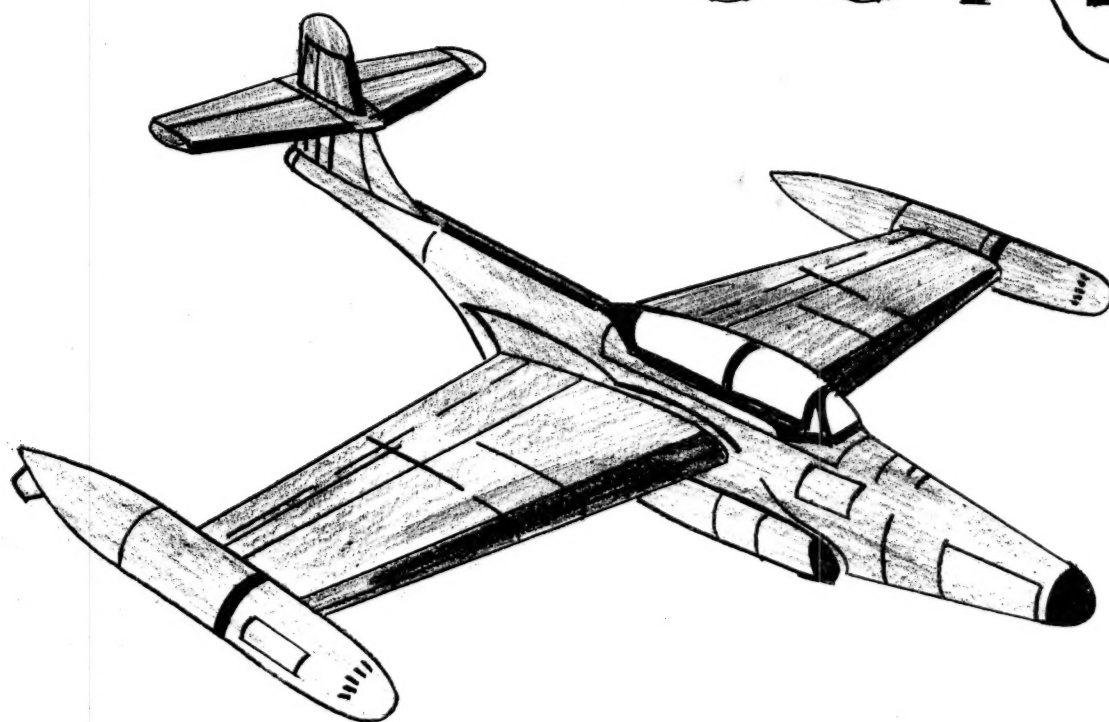


437th FLS

SONGE BOOKE



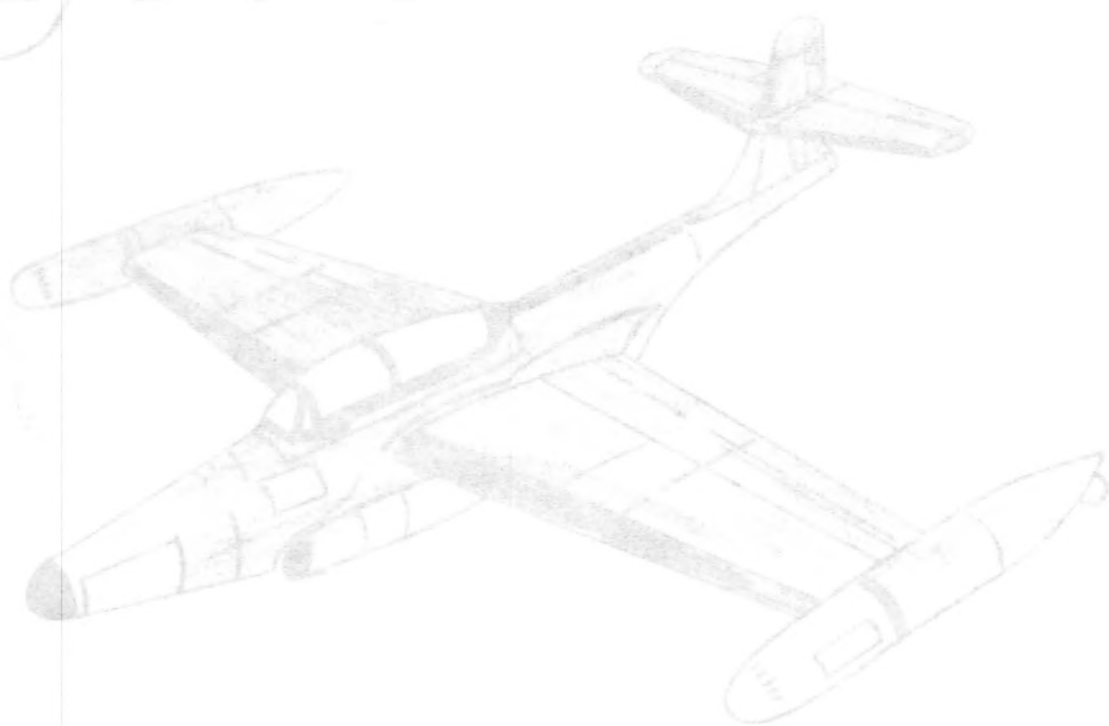
OFFICIAL :

Gen Red Scramble
GEN. RED SCRAMBLE

11

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SONG BOOK



OFFICIAL :

Gen. Red Scramble
GEN. RED SCRAMBLE

No. 1

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame)

Parties, Banquets and Balls, boys
Parties, Banquets and Balls
As President Ike has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with Parties, Banquets and Balls, boys,
Parties, Banquets and Balls
We'll have Parties and Banquets
And Banquets and Parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls.

No. 2

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

(Tune: Down in the Valley)

Let's have a party, let's have some fun
Let's have a party, 437th Fighters on the run
Break right, break left, streamers off the wing
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything
We are the joy boys of radio
Hello, hello, hello, hello-o-o
When I was only a little child
A sexy billboard drove me wild
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
Hello, hello, hello!

also in another song?

No. 3

AIR FORCE LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death, who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded, and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to Hell

CHORUS

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Force has gone to Hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force has gone to hell

CHORUS

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Force has gone to Hell

I have seen them in their Sabre's when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives, that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to Hell

CHORUS

Once they flew a B-26 thru a living Hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping-pong in the Operations shack
And we can't fly for Hell

CHORUS

You have heard the pounding 50s blaze from wing of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your head could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moaning groaning squall
And it won't climb for Hell

CHORUS

Hap Arnold built a flying team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force has gone to Hell

We were cocked bold and happy when we played the angles game
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and we're all so Goddamned tame
Our spirit's shot to Hell

CHORUS

One day I buzzed the airfield with another reckhell chap
He flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in Hell

CHORUS

N

Have you ever climbed your Scorpion up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din
Have you tried it lately, better not, you'll auger in
And then you'll sure catch Hell

Mine eyes get dim with tears, when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold
Alas, I have no choice and will live to be quite old
The Air Force has gone to Hell
CHORUS

But smile while my pilots tho your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll meet in Heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz, and roll and really let
The Air Force fly like Hell

Glory no more flying regulations rip them up at every station
Ground the guy that tried to make one and let the Air Force fly like
Hell!

No. 4

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS: O Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying safety board, and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!!"
I racked that Scorpion in the air, everything looked swell
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh, save me, Georgy Bell!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
And when I made my final turn, MyGod, I racked it tight
The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel Evans, spin instructions, please!

Shootin' with the Falcon, locked on sort of late
Came a call from towship, what's your closing rate
I thought he said "you're clear to fire, I squeezed the trigger down,
He screamed "don't shoot" but much too late
We lost another clown.

No. 5 IN BOHUNKAS TENNESSEE ✓

In Bohunkas Tennessee lives a horses ass like me
And my father shoveled horseshit in the street
And one day when I was young
They found rubies in my dung
And they said my boy a flyer you will be

Hail, hail, hail to masturbation
Raise your thundermugs on high - Hear, Hear!
And we'll drink another glass to the biggest horses ass
In the brotherhood of all the men that fly.

No. 6 SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay gotta zumba zumba zumba
Ay zumba zumba zay!
Ay zumba zumba zumba
Ay zumba zumba zay!

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!

No. 7

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Tune: Bless them all)

Bless them all, bless them all
Bless the tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

No. 8.

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His engine was wrapped round his head;
A sparkplug stuck out of each elbow
Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract from my liver the crankshaft
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again".

9. TONS AND TONS OF AMMUNITION

A B-17 Will climb to twenty thousand feet
A B-17 Will climb to twenty thousand feet
A B-17 Will climb to twenty thousand feet
But it only carries one little teensy weensy bomb

Tons and tons of ammunition
Tons and tons of ammunition
Tons and tons of ammunition
But it only carries one little teensy weensy bomb.

A B-29 Will climb to thirty thousand feet
ETC.

A B-36 Will climb to forty thousand feet
ETC.

A B-47 Will climb to fifty thousand feet
ETC.

An F-89 Will climb to sixty thousand feet
ETC.

10. REGULAR AIR FORCE

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the goddammed reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

CHORUS:

Fight on, fight on, fight on Regular Air Force, fight on, fight on
(REPEAT)

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the goddammed reservists
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

The called up every old pilot
They called up every old man
The reservists got sent to Korea
The Regulars stay in Japan

They called up a dozen more squadrons
Staffed by a Regular class
But when it came time for promotions
The reservists got jabbed in the ass.

11. I ONCE WAS A GAY CABALLERO

I once was a gay caballero
Who went down to Rio de Janerio
I took with me my la trabule
And both of my la trabularos.

I met there a gay senorita
A very gay senorita
I asked her to see my la trabule
And both of my la trabularos.

She said that she hadn't oughta
For she was her father's daughter
But she said that she'd see my la trabule
And one of my la trabularos.

We went to her cabrita
And st down on the sophita
I inserted with glee my la trabule
And one of my la trabularos.

Oh fie on that gay senorita
She gave me a dose of clapita
She gave it to me in my la trabule
And one of my la trabularos.

I went to a famous medico
A very famous medico
He cut off for me my la trabule
And one of my la trabularos.

At night when I lay down to sleepa
I feel down under the sheeta
I find nothing there, but a handful of hair
And one of my la trabularos.

12. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

Oh the sexual life of a camel
Is greater by far than you think
For after a week on the sesert
He makes a mad dash for the sphinx.

CHORUS:

Singing tur-a-lie tur-a-lie tur-a-lie
Singing tur-a-lie tur-a-lie ay
For after a week on the desert
He makes a mad dash for the sphinx.

Now the sphinx's posterior anatomy
Lies deep beneath the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

CHORUS:

On the sphinx's posterior anatomy
Lies deep beneath the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

On there are no lighter places up in heaven
On there are no lighter places up in heaven
The place is full of brass, shining around on steel
But there are no lighter places down in hell.

On there are no lighter places in the states
On there are no lighter places in the states
They're all no foreign shores, making matters out of whack
But there are no lighter places down in hell.

On there are no lighter places anywhere
On there are no lighter places anywhere
On they got them all together, and stuck them in a hole
But there are no lighter places down in hell.

On there are no radar observers on the base
On there are no radar observers on the base
On they all went back to bed, let the pilots go instead
But there are no radar observers down in hell.

13. NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

When a bomber jockey walks into the club
When a bomber jockey walks into the club
He doesn't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged and women overaged
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in heaven
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in heaven
The place is full of brass, sitting around on their fat ass
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
They're all on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots anymore
Oh there are no fighter pilots anymore
Oh they got them all together, and stuck them in all-weather
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no radar observers on the base
Oh there are no radar observers on the base
Oh they all went back to bed, let the pilots go instead
But there are no radar observers down in hell.

No. 14

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bath tub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, My God, how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God, how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy post cards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God, how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God, the condition I'm in

SIN GIN SIN GIN MY GOD THE CONDITION I'M IN I'M IN
SIN GIN SIN GIN MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father he died in his bathtub
My mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
My God what a condition I'm in.

No. 15

SAC SONG (PEPSI COLA SONG)

SAC headquarters is the spot
Twelve full colonels, that's a lot
Twice as many generals too
SAC headquarters is the place for you
CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN

SAC headquarters is the place
All the buses on the base
Ten for them and one for us
SAC headquarters where you catch the bus
CHICKEN - ETC.

16. BESIDE A GUINEA WATERFALL

Beside a Guinea waterfall a young night fighter lay
Beside a Guinea waterfall on bright and sunny day
His R.O. hung from a nearby tree he was not quite dead
Now listen to the very last word the young pursuiter said:

I'm going to a better land
A better land I know
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
And a party every night
Where there isn't anything to do
But sit around and sing
Where all the crew chiefs are women
Oh death, where is they sting.

Oh death, where is thy sting ting-a-ling
Oh death, where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring ting-a-ling
For you, but not for me.

17. FLEET AIR WING -- ALMA MATER

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
It was Wednesday with success, I hoisted up 'er dress
And Thursday 'er chemise, Gor Blimey --
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave me balls a tweek
But 'twas Sunday after supper, I got my old boy up her
And now I'm payin' 'er six and seven a week.

I don't want to be a hero
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Picadilly underground
Livin' off the wages of an 'igh born lady
Don't want a bullet up my arse 'ole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
For I'd rather be in England
Jolly, jolly, England
And fornicate me bloody life away. Gor Blimey--

18. IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89 you must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time?
CHORUS: Did you go boom today, did you go boom today,
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay.

If you fly an 86 you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all-weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you should never ask for more
For your lot we'll never pine, it's better than an 89.

If you fly a Thunderjet, you will really have no sweat
Though the runway does abound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop, roll and spin but they'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and then dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all
squawk
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me a F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but it soon will flame out
Don't give me a F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate, but they pulled out too late
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an eighty-six-D with overdrive and TV
She'll loop, roll and spin, but she'll soon auger in
Don't give me an eighty-six-D!

Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in big crates
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94!

No. 19 (cont'd)

Just give me an old Fifty-one, with praise for the work it
has done

It's tried and it's true and will take care of you

Just give me an ole Fifty-one !

FINAL CHORUS:

Just give me my old Mustang

For defending democracy's cause

For I am too young to die

I just want to go home!

O. NEVER MIND (Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Come on and join the Air Force
It's a fine force, so they say;
You never do no work at all,
Just fly around all day.
While others toil and study hard,
An so on grow old and blind,
You take the air without a care
And never, never mind.

CHORUS:

Never mind, never mind,
Come on and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

When you loop and spin her
And with an awful tear,
You find yourself without your wings
You will never care;
For in about two minutes more
Another pair you'll find,
And you'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet
And you will never mind.

CHORUS

When you meet the enemy
And he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time a bellyachin'
And calling the beggar names;
Just push your stick into the ground
And very soon you'll find
That there aint no hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

CHORUS

You're flying over the ocean
You hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop
Your goddam engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim
The shore is miles behind,
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish
But you will never mind.

CHORUS

Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire,
You're riding on the gravy train
If you're an Air Force flyer;
But just when you're about to be
A general, you find
Your motors cough, your wings fall off
But you will never mind.

CHORUS

NEVER MIND (Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Come on and join the Air Force
It's a fine force, as they say,
You never do no work at all,
Just fly around all day,
While others toil and study hard,
As we grow old and blind,
You take the air without a care
And never, never mind.

CHORUS:

Never mind, never mind,
Come on and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

When you loop and spin bar,
And with an awful tear,
You find yourself without your wings
You will never care;
For in about two minutes more
Another pair you'll find,
And you'll fly with ease and no angel's sweat
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

When you meet the enemy
And he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time a belly-aching,
And calling the bagger names;
Just push your stick into the ground
And very soon you'll find
That there ain't no hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

CHORUS:

You're flying over the ocean
You hear your engine sputter,
You see your prop come to a stop
Your Goddam engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim
The shore is miles behind,
O, what a dash for the straps and flap
But you will never mind.

CHORUS:

Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire,
You're riding on the gravy train
If you're an Air Force flyer;
But just when you're about to be
A general, you find
Your motor coughs, your wings fall off
But you will never mind.

CHORUS: